on the death row

I am writing this while I am on the death row. You are reading it on the death row too. I don’t mean the usual prison death row, although it could be the case. I don’t mean the terminal disease either. What I have in mind is our mortality. Pretty commonplace, isn’t it? But I’m thinking of this condition lining us in a death row, with a life sentence. When we are born, the sand-glass starts to countdown, grain by grain. You can imagine a clock doing this, only we don’t know where it stops. There are exceptions, making the rule more gruesome. They wake up unpleasant emotions, kept back in the mind when we are immersed in the daily routine. There are exceptions to the exceptions too - think of the sacrificial joy of people blowing themselves for some cherished cause, or of the mass suicide of some ‘enlightened’ sect. Usually, countdown is associated with some exhilarating event. New Year's Eve for example. Or any other moment heralding a ‘refreshment’, a new ‘path’ or ‘level’. The supreme countdown, the suspense due to the secret of number you drew before entering this world are rarely present with us as described here. If it would be the case, perhaps the mental illnesses

statistics would be different. The image of us all in a death row questions once again the sense of human life and of the entire life. A sense is more doubtful when other, human set up death rows are framed in the general one. I mean the abuses, individual or collective, leading, sooner or later, to death. The local/'subjective' slaughter house inside the cosmic/'objective' one. People made wonderful stories and images about redemption, about the power of love, about the inspirational relation with nature. One can agree with Eugene Ionesco that the world is a miracle with oases of evil, or say with Kertesz Imre that the good, not the evil can't be explained. The instinct of survival will always provide hope, even in suicide. But ultimately nothing can change the raw fact of us being on the death row. It is the dead point in a conscience when only faith can move you on, absurd vs. absurd (*credo, quia absurdum*). Or defiant indifference toward pantragism (*carpe diem*).

Cristi V. Andrei